Volume XCIX No. 11 December 14, 1973 50 cents

commonweal

HOW GRAND GRAND JURIES?
ISIDORE SILVER

TODAY'S JESUITS: THE STRUGGLE WITHIN
HENRY TEN KORTENAAR

AN Rx FOR RICHARD NIXON
HERBERT J. GANS

EVENTS BEYOND MY CONTROL
PETER STEINFELS

THE VILLAGES OF TANZANIA
JONATHAN POWER

PABLO CASALS: IN MEMORIAM
RALPH THIBODEAU

DAVID RABE'S BOOM BOOM POP
GERALD WEALES

ECONOMICS, SEX AND AN
EDWARD T. CHA
JOHN GARVEY
JAN B. GORDON
STU COHEN

50
Fiftieth Anniversary Year
1973-1974

A-12697 12-74
ST CHARLES SEM LIB
CARTHAGENA STA
CELINA OH 45822

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEWS & VIEWS

Anniversary Notices

Media response to the observance of *Commonweal's* Fiftieth Anniversary Year has been extremely encouraging.

The *New York Post* and the *New York Times* published feature articles on the magazine's reaching its half-century, and wire services—notably RNS and NC—put out extended stories on the event.

The *Times* article, under Ted Fiske's byline, cited *Commonweal's* "consistently high intellectual level," and recalled several controversies engendered by the magazine by "its constant pushing for liberal social causes and church reform."

The *Post* piece, unbylined but written by Aida Alvarez Greene, highlighted an interview with editor James O'Gara on *Commonweal's* issues and opinions over the years.

At the same time, a number of publications have saluted the magazine editorially—including the Brooklyn *Tablet*, once a *Commonweal* baiter (though we did a bit of baiting ourselves, come to think of it). *The Tablet* allowed that relations with *Commonweal* once ran to "open warfare," but was obviously anxious to let bygones be bygones.

"As we congratulate this peppery and pioneering periodical on its completion of 50 years of sometimes misunderstood, sometimes misguided and sometimes maligned service to the church," said *The Tablet*, "we rejoice that the once-popular distinction between 'Commonweal Catholics' and 'Tablet Catholics' is no longer heard throughout the land."

America took note of our anniversary in some gracious comments in the column initialed by the editor-in-chief, Father Donald R. Campion, S.J.

Father Campion reached back to *America's* editorial welcoming *Commonweal* 50 years ago (thus one-upping us on age), and whimsically cited the imagery with which *Commonweal* was greeted: "May its every voyage be under clear skies and, with pennant gaily waving, may it safely carry its cargo of fine thoughts and sterling ideas to the marts of the world." They don't write like that anymore.

Finally, on Nov. 24 an editorial appeared in The *Washington Post*, developing the twin points of performance and plight.

Re performance: "As a weekly review of public affairs, literature and the arts, *Commonweal* has been a journal of unshowy excellence, published with the sound conviction that no journalistic calling is higher than reasoned commentary and incisive reporting."

Re plight: "In the current financial strain, the magazine is appealing to its readers and friends. This group has in the past rallied to help the magazine. If it does so again, a higher goal than mere reading enjoyment will be provided; through such magazines as *Commonweal* the continued functioning of an independent press is assured."

The *Washington Post's* last paragraph couldn't have been better put if we had written it ourselves.

Bishops and Busing

Busing of school children is not merely an American issue. It's an issue too in Poland—and the Polish bishops are strongly suspicious of the idea.

The busing proposal crops up as part of educational reforms adopted in outline by the Polish parliament, the Sejm, in October. Under the reforms, still tentative, poorly equipped rural schools will be merged into larger, more modern schools in bigger population centers. Children would be brought to the new schools by buses and returned home in the late afternoon.

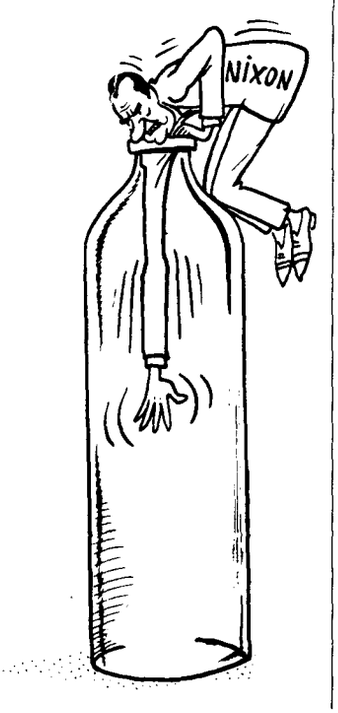
The bishops, including Cardinal Wyszynski, welcome the reforms in principle, but are concerned that the government might use the system to reduce church influence by disrupting present patterns of religious education.

Since religious instruction in schools has been banned since 1959, parish halls and churches have been used as religious instruction localities.

The London *Economist* notes that religious instruction classes are held at least twice a week after regular school hours, with attendance rates of 80-95 percent in the towns and nearly 100 percent in the villages.

The bishops are worried that busing might leave the children too tired to go to after-school religious classes. They also sense that there is nothing in the new arrangements to stop school authorities of the state from quietly sabotaging religious instruction by lengthening the school day with after-school activities of their own.

State officials vehemently deny that the reforms are intended as a weapon of atheist indoctrination. But the bishops remain skeptical. They have presented a petition against the proposals to the Sejm.



The Flying Nixon

The White House, after several times dismissing the notion that President Nixon should do his bit in the energy crisis and cut back on non-official travels, says at last that the President will in fact do that.

If he sticks to his word, Nixon will be helping not only fuel supplies, but the budget as well. . . . *Los Angeles Times* reporter Robert Toth figures as much as $46,000 per canceled trip. That's what each Key Biscayne junket costs.

Toth's total is based on jet travel (Air Force One costs $1,134 an hour to operate); helicopter lifts from airport to compound (three machines, previously flown down from Washington and afterwards flown back, at $684 per hour); villa housing for staff ($70 per day per villa at off-season rates, for top staff; $20 per day for lesser staff).

In one 21-day period last summer, Nixon moved 10 times between San Clemente, Key Biscayne, Camp David, the White House and Grand Cay. That sums to a cost minimum of $460,000.

Odds and Ends

—Liberation News Service passes on the following blooper from the *San Gabriel Valley* (Calif.) *Tribune*:

"WASHINGTON (AP)—Egil 'Bud' Krogh, boss of the White House 'plumbing' team that burglarized the office of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist, resigned today as undersecretary of burglary was made known."

—A headline in the *Le Monde* section of the *Manchester Guardian* for Nov. 24 describes John Cage's score "Etcetera" as: "Something like Gregorian chart."

JOHN DEEDY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

Hoping Against Hope

Binghamton, N. Y.

To the Editors: Peter Steinfels, in "Starting Once Again" [Oct. 26], forces a measure of hope to enter his writing, and then goes on to prove why it *had* to be forced. His comments on the winter of 1967-68 as a turning point in the leftist civil rights-anti-war movements is well taken. But he assumes that that was the winter of defeat and that all that happened after that, from Columbia and Harvard to Kent State, from Vietnam to Chicago to Catonsville, was all reactive—the "last flaring of a candle about to go out." I wonder.

I had always thought that the nonviolence campaign in the South had been sparked by direct action in the South and fueled by communication between Southern black leaders and Northern liberals who kept each other going, and then gradually the concept of nonviolent struggle against oppressive structures came closer and closer to home, to the real structures of violence and oppression that run this country from the Northeast. The newer, more strident Establishment of the West then took over in 1968 from the divided Eastern Establishment. According to this view, then, the struggle from 1968 was the real struggle, not just a reactive suicide trip.

Which brings me to question why Mr. Steinfels feels that a new radical impulse can start with a convention that *he* describes as possessive, using stylized addresses and predetermined guest-lists, and that refuses to allow "temper tantrums" and old differences to surface where they can be dealt with. What impetus does DSOC offer to those who are supposed to come to it "with inquiries and applications," so that it may, presumably, direct social change from above?

Mr. Steinfels might do better to report on Michael Harrington and share Harrington's enthusiasm, than to celebrate (?) a non-event. JAMES T. CLUNE

NEWS & VIEWS: 282 **CORRESPONDENCE:** 283
THE STRUGGLE WITHIN: *Henry ten Kortenaar* **284**
AN Rx FOR RICHARD NIXON: *Herbert J. Gans* **286**
EVENTS BEYOND MY CONTROL: *Peter Steinfels* **287**
NOT SO GRAND JURY?: *Isidore Silver* **288**
THE VILLAGES OF TANZANIA: *Jonathan Power* **291**
PABLO CASALS: IN MEMORIAM: *Ralph Thibodeau* **292**
VERSE: *Biron Walker* **295**
THE STAGE: *Gerald Weales* **294**
TECHNOLOGY'S BRAVE NEW WORLD: *Edward T. Chase* **296**
BOOKS: *John Garvey, Jan B. Gordon, Stu Cohen* **298**
ILLUSTRATIONS: *Cover I: Bas-relief from the Roman Forum of a court in session; page 292: H. B. Wiener,*

JAMES O'GARA: *Editor* JOHN DEEDY: *Managing Editor*
RAYMOND A. SCHROTH: *Associate Editor* ANNE ROBERTSON: *Editorial Assistant*
COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.: *Movies* JOHN FANDEL: *Poetry*
BRIAN WICKER: *Great Britain* ALAIN WOODROW: *Paris*
HENRY TEN KORTENAAR: *Rome* JOHN COONEY: *Dublin*
LOUIS MICHAEL COLONNESE: *Latin America*

EDWARD S. SKILLIN: *Publisher* JOHN BRUBAKER: *Advertising Manager*

COMMONWEAL *A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature and the Arts.*
Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y.
Printed in the USA and published weekly,
except biweekly Christmas-New Year's and June to mid-September,
by Commonweal Publishing Co., 232 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016
MUrray Hill 3-2042.

Copyright © 1973 Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc.

US and Canada: $14 a year. Foreign $16. Single copies 50c

BACK TO THE NIGHTMARE?

Vietnam—the war that in the public mind has been over almost a year—is back. In truth, it has never really been gone. Yet, our society, and the media and leadership that inform it, reflect its concerns and move it to action, can apparently pay attention to no more than one problem at a time; and the more than 50,000 people who have been killed since the so-called cease-fire have not been "our" concern.

Newsweek (November 26) has reached the grim conclusion: "Today the Paris agreements are virtually a dead letter; whatever progress was ever made toward implementing them has come to a grinding halt. Worse yet, recent developments on the battlefield point to one clear and inescapable conclusion: South Vietnam is moving steadily toward another all-or-nothing war." It is a war in which this nation, if President Richard Nixon and Secretary of State Henry Kissinger have their way, may once again have an active part.

Since the cease-fire this Administration has sustained its commitment to the Thieu regime with nearly a billion dollars worth of supplies, including four regiments of tanks and enough planes to make Thieu's the third largest air force in the world. Meanwhile, the Communists, who signed the Paris agreement with the understanding that they would now be able to make political progress toward increased power in Saigon and the reunification of all Vietnam, have found themselves thwarted by Thieu's determination to resist coalition rule. Therefore, both sides are returning to the warpath.

According to Stanley Karnow in *The New Republic* (November 17), Communist forces in South Vietnam have increased from 150,000 to 200,000 within the year, and they are concentrating almost a quarter of their troops around Saigon. They have plenty of tanks, heavy artillery and surface-to-air missiles; and some analysts suggest they may be ready to use aircraft for the first time. If the North Vietnamese and the Viet Cong were to conduct an air war—bombing and strafing the bases, bridges, supply routes, homes, hospitals and cities of their enemies as we did so mercilessly for years—the U.S. will be tempted to respond again with ever-escalating violence. Indeed, the President, Defense Secretary and American

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

military commander in Thailand have all warned that we would resume bombing in the face of "aggression."

It is both ironic and ominous that the State Department is searching for some legal justification for a resumed bombing campaign in the recently passed war powers bill originally intended to curb the President's bellicose instincts. The Church-Case amendment to a military procurement authorization bill, signed into law on November 17, specifically prohibits U.S. combat activities "in or over" Indochina. Yet, the war powers bill, passed over the President's veto on November 7, gives the President authority to deploy troops abroad for from 60 to 90 days without Congressional authorization when a national emergency is created "by attack on the United States, its territories or possessions or its armed forces."

Liberal critics of the bill argued months ago that in the search for an acceptable compromise the bill ended up granting the President powers which previous Presidents had all seized but which actually belonged only to Congress. The bill's requirement that the President "consult" Congress, the critics contend, is too vague to restrain a President who can easily substitute a few late-night phone calls to favored legislators for real consultation. Senator Thomas Eagleton who withdrew his support from the compromise version when, in his words, the baby he originally helped deliver had "been kidnapped," shouted when the Senate overrode the President's veto: "How short can memories be? My God, we just got out of a nightmare."

At first glance it would seem sheer madness for President Nixon to try to plunge us back into the Vietnam War in any manner whatsoever. Yet, in a sense, we can only "return" to a problem we have really "left." Whatever the successes of the Nixon foreign policy, they have contained a certain amount of illusion. The Administration talked "peace with honor" when American withdrawal was the most it could accomplish. Le Duc Tho had the integrity to reject the Nobel Prize. As Kissinger agreed to accept his, Vietnamese widows were claiming the bodies of their soldier sons. Détente has not kept the Kremlin from encouraging Arab aggression in the mid-East nor discouraged the Soviet Union's harassment of its Jewish emigrants or its dissident intellectuals. Nor has the Administration's failure to justify last month's dramatic and mysterious 3 A.M. alert—which the President portrayed as another "crisis" bravely faced—filled us with confidence in the cool conduct of our policy.

Most frightening, under these circumstances, is the Kissinger Creed that a bold show of raw power is part of the language of diplomacy combined with the President's proven need—when frustrated and cornered—to show the world he is tough. His Watergate counteroffensive is falling apart. He may be planning another offensive somewhere else.

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

TODAY'S JESUITS

THE STRUGGLE WITHIN

Anti-Jesuit marches in the streets, with slogans like "Hitler and Mussolini came to power through the Jesuits," "The Jesuits are more dangerous than multinational corporations," General Arrupe and his staff holding an hour of special prayers in the chapel of the general house: it almost looked like a return of the good old times, when the importance of the Society of Jesus could be measured by the number of its enemies. But all there was at stake was the official re-admission of the order into Switzerland a few months ago (where, unofficially, it had been present for years).

The older Jesuits, who could always rely on their enemies for boosting their self-esteem (they always seemed as proud of the suppression of their order by Pope Clement XIV as of its more positive achievements) have a difficult time adjusting to recent changes. Outside the order, it seems that only in Switzerland can people still get excited about the "Jesuit danger," and ingenuous admirers of the William P. Blatty (*The Exorcist*) kind are becoming very rare birds indeed. Inside, the Society has to cope with all the difficulties other religious communities are facing: departures, decreasing numbers of novices, and a general slackening of discipline, once the order's most distinctive trait.

Since the end of the Vatican Council coincided with the election of Father Arrupe as general, the traditionalists have a personal scapegoat on whom they can blame all post-Conciliar difficulties. Arrupe's every move is watched with extremely critical, if not hostile, eyes by a large portion of his subjects, and special attention is given to his dealings with one of the Society's major glories, the Gregorian University in Rome. The effects of this attention can be seen in three different cases which have occurred in recent years.

In 1970, at the height of the divorce debate in Italy, three professors of the University's Institute of Social Studies, Emil Pin, José Diez Alegria and Paolo Tufari, openly dissented from the official Catholic position in a newspaper interview. They defended adoption of the divorce bill in the name of religious liberty, and criticized the Vatican's tendency to use the Italian state as its "secular arm," by means of the Concordat. Obviously,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the interview caused a stir; but, though Father Arrupe hastened to apologize, and several faculty members wrote the Vatican to express their shock and dismay (consolatory letters to the Pope have become a characteristic of the present pontificate, since the *Humanae Vitae* affair), no disciplinary measures were taken against the three. But there are other ways of making life in a religious community difficult, and they experienced some of these; one of them, Pin, has since left the Society and the priesthood, a move marked by indifference (to say the least) among the majority of his colleagues.

The other cases were handled very differently. In 1972 Pietro Brugnoli, professor of spiritual theology, joined the "November 7 Movement," a group of priests and laymen extremely critical of the Italian church and of the relations between the Holy See and Italy. The Movement is little liked in official circles, and Brugnoli was told that his membership was incompatible with his status as a professor at the Gregoriana. Though he defended his decision as a pastoral duty, entirely distinct from his academic teaching, in September he was dismissed and sent back to Milan, in order to find a "more fitting employment" (as Father Arrupe said in his letter of dismissal).

At the beginning of this year Diez Alegria (the same of the 1970 interview) published his autobiography, *I Believe in Hope*, without submitting it to the required censorship. Though I am assured by one of his colleagues that the censorship rule is now often disregarded by Jesuits, without juridical consequences, Diez Alegria was severely punished on precisely this formal ground. The real reason must be sought elsewhere and can hardly be other than the content of the book. His views on Marxism, celibacy and Vatican wealth were by no means startingly novel, and have been put forward more forcefully by others; but coming from the Gregoriana, they were particularly irksome both to Roman authorities and to Jesuits of Alegria's own generation in Spain. In the end, the author was not only deprived of his professorship, but also suspended from the Society for two years.

One of the boasts my own Jesuit teachers used to make was that theirs was the only order never to have needed a reform. It seemed impressive at the time, but today I am inclined to think that maybe they just had not been around long enough. In 1972 the General had to rush to Spain, where plans for a "Society of Jesus of the Strict Observance" were in an advanced stage. He was able to report that any such division in the Society was against the Pope's wishes, and since obedience to the Pope is certainly part of the Jesuits' strict observance, that settled the matter for the time. But the plans are by no means dead, nor are they limited to Spain alone. This constant threat is one of the main reasons for the policy change which appears from the three cases mentioned above.

While Diez Alegria's case was under discussion, one American Jesuit in Rome told me "if he is not deprived of his academic rights, we have the beginning of a new Gregoriana": apparently, it is too early (or too late) for that. But the issue seems broader than academic freedom alone (in fact, both Brugnoli and Diez Alegria were fired for reasons outside their academic functions), and one professor sadly admitted that he could no longer regard the University as "a Christian community." If this is the price to be paid for discipline and outward uniformity, it would seem too high for any religious community.

HENRY TEN KORTENAAR

(Henry ten Kortenaar is Commonweal*'s regular correspondent in Rome.)*

Editor's Note. Since this report was written, Father Arrupe has personally delivered to Pope Paul a copy of his letter to the whole Society convoking the 32nd General Congregation for December 1974, and the Pope has responded with a 1700-word, widely-reported, letter advising the Society on how to face its "hour of decision." While warning of "certain tendencies of an intellectual and disciplinary nature which, if fostered and given support, could lead to serious and possibly irreparable change in the essential structure itself of your Society," the general tone of the Pope's letter—contrary to some reports—was cordial. It particularly urged the Society to "review its style of life, testing it constantly in the light of the Gospel," to adapt concrete forms of life which are now "irrelevant and outdated," and to avoid methods of decision-making which undermine the notion of obedience.

COMING

MICHAEL TRUE writes about the nature of poetry and the question of survival:

"The exceptional poem is the one that so seizes control of things, discovering a pattern or, at times, imposing a pattern on the universe, that it literally makes men and women see in particular shapes, in time. In this sense, the poem serves an immediate purpose. So it is proper to speak of the uses of a poem, just as one speaks of the uses of a building or a painting. The uses of a poem are many, particularly since because of its form it improves on nature (which usually remains a mystery). . . . The immediate use of the poem is survival. It gathers and objectifies our feelings in such a way that we can 'stand' them; thus we are not undone by the pressures of the moment, but are brought to enjoy and even love them."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AN Rx FOR RICHARD NIXON

Even if President Nixon can survive the threat of impeachment, the remainder of his term and his place in American history will surely be ignominious —unless he can take some dramatic new policy initiatives to erase the memory of Watergate. Having achieved a détente with Russia and China, additional foreign policy initiatives can only be anticlimactic, other than the unspeakable one of getting involved in a new war. Consequently, the President must resort to startling innovation in domestic policy.

Perhaps the best way he can salvage his Presidential record is to attack the long-festering problems that plague American society. For example, what if he ended his term as the first American President who really tried to eliminate poverty and raise the income of hard-pressed Middle Americans? Even if he could only make a start toward these goals, his reputation would improve considerably, and the Republicans might yet have a chance in 1976. Among other policies Mr. Nixon should initiate are tax reform to reduce the pervasive inequality of wealth and income, massive job-creation to deal with under-employment, a national health service, and revenue-sharing at a level that will improve the quality of public services in every community. Beyond that, the President should come out for additional civil rights legislation, a new approach to anti-trust law to cut down corporate economic power, electoral reform to diminish the political clout of corporate and individual fatcats, and governmental democratization and decentralization that will give ordinary citizens more of a say about their society.

Most of these policies have already been proposed by forward-looking Democrats, and for that reason alone, it would seem bizarre to expect Mr. Nixon to advocate even a single one of them. But if he is seriously interested in leaving office as one of America's better Presidents, what other alternatives are open to him? To be sure, these policies require a drastic change in his political philosophy but in undertaking the détente, adopting a quasi-Keynesian economics and declaring his intention to surrender the Watergate tapes, he has already demonstrated his ability to alter his philosophy when circumstances demand it. The President would also have to alienate one of his principal constituencies, the business community, but he would regain the support of much of the moderate-income constituency which he has long considered to be the keystone of his "New Majority."

His most difficult task would be to persuade Congress and the American people to trust him, but I suspect they would do so once he demonstrated his earnest desire to devote the rest of his term to making significant improvements in American life. With the exercise of proper leadership, he should then be able to persuade Congress to pass at least some of the suggested policies; as in the case of the détente, he has sometimes been more successful in obtaining approval for liberal policies than a Democratic President, since some Republican Congressmen have voted for them out of party loyalty. Of course, at present, he can no longer count on much party loyalty, but some Republicans might join with liberal Democrats to vote for legislation they consider desirable, particularly those who need to find a way to get themselves re-elected. The Democrats would undoubtedly be furious if the President co-opted their policies, but they could not take the political risk of opposing them, and their best strategy would be to improve them.

Needless to say, I do not really believe the President will accept my suggestion, for apparently he prefers to fight rather than to win. But Mr. Nixon is also a serious student of history, and there are several examples in American history of Presidents who made a drastic turnabout in policy to advance or restore their political fortunes.

HERBERT J. GANS

(Herbert J. Gans is Professor of Sociology at Columbia University, and Senior Research Associate, Center for Policy Research. His most recent book is More Equality [*Pantheon*].*)*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EVENTS BEYOND MY CONTROL

PETER STEINFELS

Mr. James O'Gara
Editor, Commonweal
232 Madison Avenue
New York, New York, 10016

Dear Jim,

I want you to know I am terribly sorry about not having a column to fill the page this week. Please don't jump to the conclusion that I simply didn't write one. The fact of the matter is, I wrote three columns. Unfortunately, events beyond my control prevented the finished copy from ever reaching you.

Of course, you may be impatient with my explanation, Jim, coming as it does after that trouble about illegible sentences and missing paragraphs in last week's column. But once all the facts are known, I am sure you will understand.

To begin with, the fate of the first column I wrote is easy to explain. I was away from my desk at the time and used another typewriter. Alas, the typewriter I happened to use had no typewriter ribbon in it: Imagine my surprise, when some days later, I discovered that all the pages were entirely blank! I suppose the easy thing to do at that point would have been to call you up and say, "Sorry, Jim, don't expect a column this week"; but, as you well know, taking the easy way out is just not my style.

I tried again. This time I wrote the column at my own desk, using my own typewriter. Indeed I spent the entire morning typing letters—merely to warm up. Well, the devil take it, just as I was starting on the column, it seems that the ribbon ran out of ink! Again—nothing but blank pages!

I know it's hard to believe that something like that could occur and go unnoticed, but they you must know that my typewriter is not one of those big, super-efficient ones like Mike Novak's or Jack Deedy's. It's just a little something the kids put together out of an Erector set and some bubble gum. You can't expect too much from it.

Well, Jim, I remained undaunted. For the third time, I wrote a column. This time I printed it out by hand—two lines for capital letters, one line for small letters. Let me assure you, it was a great column. (I would like to send you the outline, but it seems to be misplaced.) Anyway, there it was. I gave it to my personal wife of many years to mail, along with the letters I had typed before the ribbon ran out of ink, and she took them all to the mailbox.

Our troubles were not over, however. My personal wife successfully mailed all the other letters, but just as she was about to drop the envelope containing my column into the mailbox, a taxi honked its horn. Distracted by this unusual event, my personal wife swung her head around sharply, brought her hands to her ears, and accidentally dropped my column down a sewer grating eight feet away. What luck, huh?

I know you're probably wondering, Jim, why I didn't mention any of these unhappy occurrences in the several telephone conversations we've had during the past weeks. That's certainly a fair question, and I can understand how you might feel the need to ask it. Questions like that make for proper give-and-take between editor and writer, just so long as they don't get out of hand.

In this case, let me only say that at the time of your phone calls of November 20, 21 and 24, I had not yet realized that the pages from my first effort were blank. You see, it is my habit to stare intently at the keyboard while typing and then to yank the page swiftly out of the machine and immediately place it on the desk *face down.* The same fact accounts for my failure to discover the unfortunate results of the inkless typewriter ribbon until after your calls of November 27 and 28.

As for your last conversation, on December 3, with my personal wife, you must allow that the confusion was largely of your own making, Jim. When you asked her about "Peter's column," and she replied, "It will be there as usual," she didn't realize you were really talking about one of *my* columns for the *magazine,* but thought you were referring to one of the columns in *St. Peter's Basilica* in Rome. Hence her reply.

Let me add, incidentally, that my personal wife of many years has announced that she is stepping down from her position. We will all miss her very much. I am appointing Alice Haig, our temporary acting special babysitter (who took over following the resignation of our special babysitter) to serve as temporary acting personal wife of many years until such time as a permanent appointment can be made and confirmed.

Well, Jim, that's the story. I'm sure you can now recognize how unfounded—should I say even vicious? —are those reports that I simply never wrote a column at all. Needless to say, it is not my own reputation that concerns me but the office of Columnist, which is bigger than any single man, and the prerogatives of which I have been mandated to uphold. As for the carbons of my three columns and other supporting documents, rest assured that I will make a full disclosure of this material with the same utter candor I have displayed up to the present.

Yours truly,
PETER

P.S. My accountant is preparing a report on how I managed to buy two townhouses on the fees *Commonweal* pays for these columns.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOT SO GRAND JURY?

ISIDORE SILVER

The function of the grand jury has become bifurcated

If politics makes strange bedfellows, then political turbulence institutionalizes wholesale illicitness, legitimates perversion, and destroys traditional pieties. The cataclysmic events of 1973 have, for instance, engendered the spectacle of Spiro Agnew's lawyers whoring with representatives of untouchables such as Daniel Ellsberg and Anthony Russo to ascertain just how grand jury investigations could be forestalled (although we have no evidence of it, is it conceivable that Fred Buzhardt might at this moment be querying Ramsey Clark about the tapes, thus exemplifying "the unspeakable in quest of the unthinkable"?). Furthermore, the left, new and old, has been notably silent about the National Advisory Commission on Criminal Justice Standards and Goals' recent recommendation that the grand jury be abolished. A year ago, such a thought might have been denounced by right-thinking Americans (in both senses) as a plot by Huey Newton and Daniel Berrigan; today, conservatives become civil libertarians, while the rest of us eagerly await the next subpoena and revelation. Given its contemporary prominence, and the multitude of contradictory attitudes toward it, where does the grand jury stand today? Should it be abolished? Should it be reformed? Can we even begin to consider seriously these vital questions, in this year of Watergate II?

The function of the grand jury where it exists (strangely enough, as we shall see, its presumed universality is a myth), has become bifurcated. Traditionally, its role involved:

> The right of individual citizens to be secure from an open and public accusation of crime, and from the trouble, expense, and anxiety of a public trial, before a probable cause is established by the presentment and indictment of a grand jury. . .

That noble utterance—19th century, of course—by a great State Chief Justice, Lemuel Shaw of Massachusetts, reflected a prevalent belief that the institution "is justly regarded as one of the securities to the innocent against hasty, malicious and oppressive public prosecutions, and (is) one of the ancient immunities and privileges of English life." Fulsome praise came from a United States Supreme Court Justice (also a 19th century venerable)—"in the records of their doings are to be discovered by the noblest strands against the oppressions of power, the virulence of malice, and the intemperance of prejudice." The first Justice Harlan, whose ringing statement in dissent in *Plessy* v. *Ferguson* that "The Constitution is color blind" has insured his rightful place in the pantheon of American liberty, analogized the grand jury to the trial jury by arguing that the first secured the citizen "against unfounded accusation" while the latter "guards . . . against improper conviction." Both, he noted, were "composed, as a general rule, of a body of private persons, *who do not hold office at the will of the government, or at the will of voters.*"

Today, the function has changed, and that change has been openly acknowledged by Harlan's successors; Justice Stewart early this year noted that "The grand jury may not always serve its historic role as a protective bulwark standing solidly between the ordinary citizen and an overzealous prosecutor. . . ." Justice Douglas, bitingly dissenting in the same case, called the grand jury "a tool of the Executive," and individuals as diverse as Spiro Agnew, Earl Caldwell, Leslie Bacon,

ISIDORE SILVER *teaches Constitutional Law and History at the John Jay College of Criminal Justice in New York City.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

various Mafia luminaries, and the "Fort Worth Seven" can only bitterly agree. The investigative power of the grand jury, as one federal court put it, "is not fully carried out until every available clue has been run down and all witnesses examined in every proper way to find out if a crime has been committed. . . ." The immense investigation resources of the grand jury, its power of subpoena (in federal cases, nationwide subpoena) its latitude in "fishing" until "every available clue has been run down," all harnessed to direction by prosecutors of diverse motives, ambitions and talents, present a formidable contrast to the benign 19th Century body of "independent" citizens who would form a "people's sentinel" against oppression.

Yet, the picture—and its apparent contrast—is not all that clear, for there is little doubt that the grand jury still continues to perform its older function in "average" cases; for numerous reasons, prosecutors do present cases to grand juries to get the "public pulse" on certain kinds of crimes and criminals and often are relieved when a "no true bill" is presented. The grand jury does "screen out" matters which public opinion regards as trivial, and the process is one way by which the prosecutor gauges general sentiment. The grand jury may not only throw out untenable cases but may, more importantly, "reduce" the degree of criminality involved in significant, but nevertheless, marginal criminal matters. Much of this work is little known, except to the few professional students of the institution, and no massive study of this phenomenon has been undertaken to ascertain as precisely as possible whether the grand jury does deter unfounded or insignificant cases, and whether its mere presence has an inhibiting effect upon the prosecutorial discretion of local district attorneys. For this reason alone, proposals for abolition may be premature.

The broad and comprehensive investigative function of the grand jury, alternately decried by radicals and conservatives, also provokes mixed emotions, for the awesome powers of subpoena are generally invoked by the prosecutor in either organized crime or political crime cases, where there are few, if any, specific victims or complainants. In "political" cases, alleged sins against the body politic, whether they be "Communist subversion" in the 50s, Panther aggressiveness in the 60s, or political corruption or malfeasance in all areas, are the subject matter under investigation. Since the nature and political complexion of that subject matter often determines the degree of one's approbation or resentment, secure generalizations are impossible.

The problem of sorting out the permissible from the impermissible in grand jury activities is compounded by the great irony that its "protective" function has been diluted not by its "manipulation" as an instrument of executive oppression so much as by its decline as *the* accusatory body in most American criminal prosecutions. To understand this will require a mercifully short, but nevertheless necessary, excursion into its checkered history. The grand jury, as a "screening device," is in decline: more than half of our states have established an alternative—the "prosecutor's information"—to it, and most crimes, even serious felonies, are not "screened" at all. Since every jurisdiction maintains the grand jury, its use generally subject to the prosecutor's discretion, often *only* those cases involving unwilling witnesses and controversial issues are brought to it. In England, the grand jury was abolished in 1948. Thus, the recommendation of the National Advisory Commission is not as unique or "fundamental" as most of us might be inclined to believe.

Indeed, the right to an indictment by grand jury is not so fundamental as to be required in any case at all, except in federal criminal prosecutions (because of the Fifth Amendment which requires indictment for "Capital" and other "Infamous Crimes"). The aforementioned 19th century quotations attesting to the grand jury's nobility, again ironically, came from a dissenting opinion of Justice Harlan in an 1884 case which held that the Fifth Amendment's indictment requirement need not be imposed upon the States by virtue of the due process clause of the 14th Amendment. Strangely enough, to many, even the Warren Court didn't overrule that decision (made in a capital case yet!), despite that Court's eagerness to extend numerous other defendant's pretrial and trial rights to state prosecutions. Thus, *Hurtado* v. *California,* a decision which in the words of one historian, went "astray at every point," is still the law of the land.

Indeed, the Supreme Court has simultaneously permitted the states to reduce the scope of the grand jury while endorsing virtually unlimited expansion of its investigative powers. It has steadfastly rejected attempts to limit such powers by invocation of the First Amendment (in the notorious *Caldwell* case) and virtually the only shield for the embattled witness is his personal right not to incriminate himself (which may be "waived" inadvertently by the befuddled subject of the investigation). Traditional liberal and radical complaints about grand jury "fishing expeditions," broadly worded subpoenas, secrecy, contempt citations and abuses of "immunity" by zealous prosecutors have received little judicial support.

As we have seen, public sentiment about many of the grand jury investigative tools is subject to political shifts—and, indeed, many of the same criticisms can be applied to Congressional committees, for instance. Yet, in truth, it would be difficult to envision a system which entirely denies (or even substantially limits) the power to subpoena reluctant witnesses and the right of investigative agencies to pursue numerous "lines of inquiry" in cases of political malfeasance or even presumed subversion. Whatever the abuses of both Congressional and grand jury investigations, the *power* to investigate cannot

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be curtailed. That power necessarily involves the power to fish around a bit, for "political" (as well as other types of) crimes often must be ferreted out—and Watergate is just the most startling example of the difficulties involved. Often, the greater the difficulty, the greater the scope of investigative power. Abolition of the grand jury would not reduce the abuses inherent in (or potentially inherent in) the general investigative power of either the Legislature or the Executive (in some states, district attorneys have subpoena powers all their own). Given the vast discretion of investigative agencies—and its necessity—the best solution is also the most frustrating one: elect and appoint Elliot Richardsons instead of John Mitchells.

But, within the "system," better laws and practices are possible. For instance, the grand jury, while ostensibly a creation of the judiciary, has become in fact (and partially in theory) the handmaiden of the prosecution. This is not inevitable, nor is it unchangeable. Most proposed solutions—strangely enough—assume continuation of this strange format and stress the necessity to create and enforce certain procedural rights such as allowing counsel to witnesses in the grand jury, greater judicial involvement in the quashing of subpoenas that are too broad (but again, judges may not use their powers simply because they recognize the need for investigative latitude), and exclusion of legally incompetent evidence from grand jury consideration (a bizarre 1956 Supreme Court decision in a case involving Frank Costello permitted an indictment on the basis of hearsay evidence, evidence which could not be used in court to obtain a conviction). While these are laudable, if modest, proposals, they will do little to meet the primary need, that of total separation of the grand jury from the prosecutor. They do not deal with the vexatious problem of the psychopathic or cooperative liar who needs and wants no counsel, but whose testimony may cause indictment and public trial with all the expense and humiliation involved. None of them, for instance, would have prevented a Boyd Douglas from incriminating a Sister Elizabeth McAlister.

It must be remembered—although the Supreme Court has ignored this—that the "right not to be maliciously indicted" is as critical as the right to a fair trial. It has become obvious that it is as beneficial for the government to tie up political dissidents (or just unpopular people) in expensive and time-consuming trials as it is to convict them. For many purposes, "pre-trial" political maneuverings are more critical than are positive jury verdicts, for dissident movements may be effectively impaired by indictment, not only by conviction. The government is often willing to trade an acquittal for the accused's pretrail high bail and public notoriety.

The grand jury can be revived as a "screening device" in precisely those cases where (a) it is needed and (b) prosecutors seek indictments rather than information. This can only be done where the prosecutor does not perform the double (and perhaps unconstitutional) function of actively seeking an indictment and simultaneously advising a judicially created body of the adequacy of the evidence to support his position. There is no reason why an independent attorney employed by the court and unconnected with the prosecutor's office could not serve as the grand jury's adviser. He can proffer counsel to the laymen composing the grand jury about the adequacy of the government's case; he can ask the sharp questions of suspicious or contumacious witnesses presented to the grand jury; he can consult with the jurors on the propriety of issuing (or requesting judges to issue) subpoenas and can advise on the scope of such subpoenas. Just as the judiciary should play no role in fostering the political ambitions (or hatreds) of either prosecutor or eager witness, so too, should a judicial institution such as the grand jury not function as an arm of the executive.

This proposal would not hamper the ability of the prosecutor to present his case to the grand jury, to seek subpoenas, to engage even in fishing expeditions (within reasonable bounds). In theory, he always runs the risk that a grand jury will return no indictment and the theory will become just a bit more real under these circumstances. This proposal does not preclude other innovations to assure minimal fairness in grand jury proceedings, but merely assures that an independent agent is furnished to the grand jury at a critical moment in a criminal proceeding. It is not too far removed from the question of whether Judge Sirica could be authorized by Congress to appoint a special prosecutor to aid the Watergate grand juries and to continue where Archibald Cox left off (or was left off.)

Abolition of the grand jury—to return to our original question—is no answer, for its protections are as vital today as they ever were. The alternative—increasing the power of the prosecution to file informations (admittedly in some respects, generally inapplicable to political cases, defendants have greater rights under the latter system than are afforded by the grand jury procedure)—just compounds the evil. If "a body of private persons, who do not hold office at the will of the government, or at the will of voters" has proved effective at the trial stage, there is no less hope that the grand jury, a similar body, can be restored to its great historical function. Future grand juries must be both investigators and protectors of individual liberty; their double task will be rendered easier by complete separation of the prosecutorial and inquisitorial functions.

It is clear that, contrary to the recommendation of the Criminal Justice Advisory Standards Commission, the grand jury should not be abolished; it should be strengthened. Although neither the Constitution nor the law may compel such a conclusion, common conscience and a recognition of the crisis in our criminal justice system do.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE VILLAGES OF TANZANIA

JONATHAN POWER

Development is very much in the eye of the beholder

When I first went to Tanzania it was in the autumn of 1963, a fresh, wide-eyed graduate from Manchester University, the product of a Liverpool suburban middle-class upbringing. I had not found it easy to adjust to the life of the farmers and townsfolk I was to work with. Their wattle and thatch houses, buzzing with flies, smelling not so much unpleasantly as strangely, with only a low stool to sit on, were not immediately appealing to someone so dependent on the world of soft chairs and tiled bathrooms. Now I was revisiting it from my Holloway home, the second most overcrowded neighborhood in London. And how different it all seemed. Many of my neighbors in Holloway live in one or two rooms. Few have tiled bathrooms, or any kind of bathroom, come to that. The vast majority of the houses are damp. Usually the rents are high. Security of tenure is precarious.

Traveling around Tanzania this time I realized that development is very much in the eye of the beholder. My Liverpool suburban vantage point had given me a very false picture of what economic development was all about. But with Holloway eyes the African houses did not look quite so poor. Now I looked more for what the economist calls the "hidden costs" and the "social costs": the price of space, for example. How much is space worth to a family? Whether it be the space of the average rural Tanzanian house with its five or six rooms, or the unlimited area for children to play in without fear of motor accident or falling on broken glass. (The costs I'm constantly fearful of for my own children.) Then there is the cost of security of tenure. Neighbors in Holloway would pay a lot for that. And middle-class families in Barnsbury and Canonbury a mile or so away would also be prepared to pay quite a lot to know the new London superhighway that threatens to tear their neighborhood in half was really a dead duck. Well, the Tanzanians have got all these expensive things—free.

I went to visit the peasant tobacco farmers I used to work with near Iringa in the Southern Highlands, so I could better judge their progress or lack of it. I was surprised if only because, from my Holloway retreat, I get used to not expecting things to change very quickly. But in the eight years I had been away from Tanzania things *had* changed. Many of the houses now had hard stone floors, instead of just the rough earth. They had plastered and painted their walls—usually in a white or quiet pink color. Windows were no longer quite the rarity they were—windows in good solid wooden frames to match the sturdy well-hung wooden doors. Of course anyone who had a few shillings to rub together had bought a tin roof. Ugly—especially so when they are in endless rows as in the town. But they say they do keep the insect population down in the way thatch never did. Tin roofs apart, I was impressed just how pleasant these houses now were. The changes were not that many. But they made a crucial difference. They were not now so different from those rather delightful "subsistence" cottages that well-to-do folk in Europe are buying up as far afield as Majorca, the West of Ireland and Scotland.

Unlike their counterparts on the periphery of Europe's economic growth, these African cottagers in Tanzania have a future. At least they do if they integrate themselves into what is known as "ujamaa." Thirty miles on the other side of Iringa I went to visit Luganga, an Ujamaa village. There are about 800 real Ujamaa villages in Tanzania. (The government claims 2000; but this is clearly inflated.) This one was fairly typical of the ones I was to see. They are Tanzania's answer to the Israeli kibbutz and the Chinese commune, an attempt to harness the energies of communal enterprise to the task of raising the standard of rural living. Land is shared. Farming is done communally. Marketing is a co-operative enterprise. Major items of expenditure are made by the village, rather than the individual, whether it be a plough, a radio, a dispensary, or a tractor. And the village is run as a small-scale democracy with its own elected officials.

Nine years ago this effort was called "villagization." There were about ten such villages and with one exception they were disastrous flops. Too closely emulating the Israeli idea, they had depended on heavy doses of outside expertise, capital and equipment. Inevitably the "villagers" left it to the outside "experts," mainly white. And the erudite twentieth-century Israeli ideas seemed as relevant as a trip to the moon. The Arusha Declaration, Tanzania's rather original socialist charter,

JONATHAN POWER *is a British economist, journalist and filmmaker. One of his films received the Silver Medal at last year's Venice Film Festival.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

written in 1967, turned all this around, as it did a multitude of other things. From now on there were to be no outside "experts." No free chunks of capital; no fancy equipment. But if the people do decide to uproot themselves from their traditional scattered holdings and move into villages and adopt the Arusha principles, then the government might help with a tap and some improved seed. Basically, though, it's up to them. Surprisingly, it's worked. Not least because of President Nyerere's own example in his home village and his frequent sorties into the countryside to lend a hand with a hoe.

And so, on a little-traveled dirt road, twenty miles from the nearest town I saw my first Ujamaa village. A large grouping of brick-built, but traditionally styled houses, constructed around a small village hall, shop and dispensary. Everything had been built by the villagers themselves. It was the first of a number I was to see and all were equally impressive. Nyerere's intention is to stop the drift to the towns, to make agriculture the backbone of the economy and to demonstrate what every development economist knows, but which consumer pressures work directly against, that you can get more return off the land per input of cash than you can in the factory.

There is no reason, argues Nyerere, why subsistence, i.e., self-sufficiency, should not operate at much higher levels than it does at present if only a few relatively simple things are done. ". . . if you suggest to our citizens they should keep chickens," Nyerere argues in his introduction to the Second Five-Year Plan, "they will ask: 'Where shall we sell them?' or: 'Where shall we buy the eggs?' These are very stupid questions. Those who buy chickens or eggs do so to have food. Similarly, those who keep chickens should do so for the purpose of providing their food and that of their children. Why is there a single family in our rural areas which does not keep decent chickens? They could be fed on the scraps from the farm: it is only if you are trying to sell eggs to the tourist hotels that you need to spend money on expensive special foodstuffs. Or who is there in our rural areas who would be unable to keep ducks or rabbits in order to improve the feeding of his family—if he wanted to do so? Yet we do not do it; meat remains a luxury to many of our people!"

That eight hundred Ujamaa villages have grown up in six years, putting this kind of ideas into practice, is verging on the incredible. For the talk that used to go on in my office in the Ministry of Agriculture eight years ago was often about how nothing ever appeared to change. I'm sure if the Ministry had been left to its own devices it would have found its prophecies self-fulfilling for ever and a day.

But Nyerere has refused to pitch his development appeal on the old British colonial idea of grow some

(Continued on page 294)

PABLO CASALS: IN MEMORIAM

RALPH THIBODEAU

Pablo Casals is gone.

We thought to have him with us always, as we had come to think about Picasso.

Strange that the two exiles from Catalonia should have been so enduring, and then called home the same year, as we reckon time. Of Picasso we have heard much. Now we make our threnody on the loss of Casals.

He was the greatest cellist of our time, perhaps of all time. This will be attested for all the ages by the technology of recording, but not altogether, because of the magnetic presence of the man, and the almost devout way he went about making music. Now we shall have to be content with the recordings.

We shall be privileged to hear every conceivable type of the traditional concerto and chamber-music literature. Pre-eminent among the recordings will be the trios which he did first with Alfred Cortot and Jacques Thibaud, later with Alexander Schneider and Mieczyslaw Horszowski. But in the end, we shall always come back to the Bach unaccompanied cello suites, which he found in a Barcelona shop when he was 12, and then practiced for 12 years before he dared play them in public. They are, more than any other works, his great musical and spiritual legacy.

Casals not only played the cello, he revolutionized the technique of playing from a cramped, stilted style to a free flowing and natural style, and thereby put in his debt all subsequent cellists.

If he had done nothing else but play the cello, that would have been legacy enough. But he was a complete musician. He composed a number of sacred and secular works. He played Bach piano works for an hour every morning, as a sort of

RALPH THIBODEAU *is on the faculty of Del Mar College in Corpus Christi, Texas.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

musical communion before the tasks of the day. And he was an inspiring teacher, and a serious and painstaking conductor.

To improve the musical life of Barcelona, he founded his own orchestra there in the '20s, and paid a small fortune out of his own pocket to keep the 88 members solvent until the organization could become self-supporting. In the process, he gave up another small fortune in fees for concert tours, so great was the demand for his services after the stunning success of his debut in the Lamourex concerts in 1899. The Barcelona Orchestra lasted until the outbreak of the Spanish civil war in 1936. Casals left Spain just before the fall of the city in 1939.

And thereafter he became a legend, not only as a cellist, but as a decent man who could not tolerate tyranny, and would not play for tyrants of any shade of political philosophy; as a humane man who gave unstintingly of his time, money and talents for the relief of Spanish republican refugees; and as a committed man who stayed in voluntary exile, first in France, then in Puerto Rico, promising that he would conduct Beethoven's Ninth Symphony in Barcelona at the fall of the Franco regime and the restoration of civil liberties.

For several years he withdrew from the world of music, living quietly in the village of Prades in Provence, whence he could look back at the mountains of his beloved Catalonia. He vowed not to play in public until freedom came back to Spain.

But the world missed him too much. If Mohammed wouldn't go to the mountain, then the mountan would have to come to Mohammed.

In 1950 his friend Schneider organized the Prades Festival and persuaded the maestro to take part as conductor and performer. After five years of Festivals there, he moved permanently to Puerto Rico, his mother's native land. There in 1957 he married his beloved pupil, Martita Montanez, 60 years his junior, the joy and blessing of his old age. From then until last summer he organized and took part in the Casals Festivals on the campus of the University of Puerto Rico.

He also began to travel again, coming to Vermont each summer to play and conduct at the Marlboro festivals. In 1958 he played at the 13th anniversary celebration of the United Nations, and in 1961 gave the memorable concert at the White House at the invitation of President Kennedy. Finally, in the interest of engaging the talents and energies of professional artists of all kinds in the cause of peace and freedom, he began to tour as conductor of his oratorio, *El Pesebre* (The Manger), which he had written during the war.

The world premiere was given in Acapulco, Mexico, Dec. 17, 1960, with the composer conducting, It is a refreshingly simple and beautiful musical setting of the Nativity story, but withal his major composition, calling for orchestra, chorus, five soloists and narrator. It contains music reminiscent of Bach and of several Romantic composers, but particularly of the Spanish zarzuela, a popular Spanish folk-opera form.

In all, he conducted the work more than 60 times in the Americas and in free Europe. But his exile from Spain remained an absolute, as a protest against dictatorship.

Among U.S. publications under Catholic auspices only *Commonweal* has consistently criticized the Franco regime, and the official recognition of it by the democracies. I first became aware of this when, as a rookie assistant editor of *Catholic Digest* just home from the wars, I encountered the late Harold J. O'Loughlin, an editorial colleague and gadfly. Every time *Commonweal* printed a line about corruption in Franco Spain, Harold J. would wave it around the office for our enlightenment, gloating all the while, and we would hurl the Communist epithet at him. Harold J. was right.

And of all the artists of great stature in America, only Bernstein dared to take seriously the dedication to peace and freedom of Casals, with whom he worked at the Puerto Rico festivals. This was already apparent in his *Mass* for the dedication of the Kennedy Center in 1971. Bernstein associated himself intimately with the peace movement, and he dared to conduct Haydn's *Missa in Tempore Belli* in the Washington Cathedral while the National Symphony was playing the belligerent *1812 Overture* at the official concert for Nixon's second inaugural. For his stand he has been accused of many things. But like O'Loughlin, Bernstein was right.

It is ironical that Casals, who inspired so many, could not live to conduct his Ninth in Barcelona. Ironical, and tragic: El Caudillo goes on, and Casals is dead.

But who would be so foolish as to speak of the tragedy of death at his age?

Casals used to say often, in his discouragement over Spain, "What can one man do?"

The judgment of history, I think, will be that whatever could be done by one man, he did, and did magnificently. And he did it by the grand gesture of his self-imposed exile—an exile which has now become eternal.

R.I.P.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

more crops, sell them and buy yourself a radio, which merely leads to the peasantry's concluding that life must be better in the town where they make the radios and where you can have not only a radio but a gramophone and tape recorder as well. These adventurous proletarians-to-be never seem to realize they stand a 50 percent chance of being unemployed. So Nyerere has tried to stop the pressures of urban consumerism and has stressed the value of collective responsibility in the countryside leading to group achievement. And most of rural Tanzania is near enough to its African past to understand what he is about. Perhaps that sounds an oversimplistic view of what has happened. But I cannot find another explanation that adequately accounts for this dramatic development.

If rural Tanzania supports Nyerere and looks to Ujamaa for its release, however, the same cannot be said of the towns. For those who've tasted the consumer society, it is difficult to go back. The strange phenomenon, "the pull of the town," is as potent to Iringa or Dar-es-Salaam as it is in Holloway, Harlem or St. Denis. This was brought home to me by my old friend Benedict who works as an electrician in the Iringa power station.

Although Benedict only had a mission primary-school education, he is very hard-working and talented and a year or two ago he was promoted to foreman. He took me down to what used to be called in my day—and that was two years after Independence—the African part of town. Benedict had bought a new house there for £200. Six rooms built around a courtyard, solid and well maintained. He let two of the rooms off and the front one he had converted into a little shop which his wife ran "to keep her out of trouble." We sat in back of his shop and in the light of the old paraffin lamp ate the evening meal of ugali (maize meal), rice, meat and vegetables, as vague shadows flitted in and out to buy 5 pennyworth of paraffin, a bar of soap or a bottle of Coca Cola.

After supper Benedict showed me round his house and as I looked into the bedroom with their bags of maize meal stacked in sacks in the corner and the light shining through from the little shop, I couldn't help feeling he had got it made and wondered what the fuss about continued economic growth that so dominates our culture in the West was all about. But I wasn't allowed to keep my illusions. Benedict had started talking about the Arusha Declaration. In short he was fed up with the way things were going in Tanzania. He'd set his goal on starting his own business and owning two or three houses. But that was out now.

"Ujamaa means I can't own more than one house," he said, "and what's the point of building up a business. As soon as it gets too big, they'll take it off me."

I chided him gently. "But isn't private ownership going against the old African ways?" I said.

"But we can't go backwards," Benedict insisted. "There's a lot of opposition to Mwalimu, (Nyerere is commonly referred to as Mwalimu—'teacher'). Not so much to him personally, but to his ideas—especially in the towns. The people in the countryside like what he's doing. But not here."

By this time we had got into his car and were driving through the pitch-black African night to visit his parents who lived 30 miles away in the country near the Italian mission where he grew up. "Benedict," I said, "your trouble is that you really did believe what those old capitalistic Italian missionaries told you!" We both laughed. And as we bumped along on the dark stony road, the images of Holloway and Tanzania jumbled together, and I was left to wonder why it is that man is so taken in by the illusion of progress, when what he really yearns for is reality.

BOOM BOOM POP

THE STAGE

In the program for *Boom Boom Room,* there is a statement by Joseph Papp, proclaiming, once again, that a theater is only as alive as its playwrights and that the Vivian Beaumont will be used primarily to house new plays as long as he is in charge of theater at Lincoln Center. It is appropriate that he begin his reign—is that the word?—with *Boom Boom Room,* not simply because it is a new play but because it is by David Rabe, probably the most successful and certainly the most prolific of the new dramatists that Papp discovered and developed at the Public Theater. The credits are sprinkled with Papp regulars, and Papp himself, after firing Julie Bovasso, took over as director late in the rehearsals. Purely Papp, then, this debut—and the promise of the kind of dramatic excitement he has been able to stir up from time to time in Central Park and down on Lafayette Street.

The promise, but not its delivery. *Boom Boom Room* is Rabe's most ambitious play to date—it runs three hours—but for me it remains much what it was when I saw it as a work-in-progress more than a year ago at Villanova: an unnecessarily long chronicle of a not very bright girl's unsuccessful search for a self, for meaning, for love. Rabe has turned away from the direct treatment of social problems that marked his celebrated anti-Vietnam plays, *The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel* and *Sticks and Bones,* but he retains his preoccupation with American violence and with our habit of kidding ourselves about public and private disasters. These concerns are implicit, and occasionally

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

explicit, all through *Boom Boom Room*, and I suspect that he means Chrissy, his go-go heroine, to be a representative figure like Pavlo Hummel or the TV family of *Sticks and Bones*. America is still his subject, but Chrissy is both too idiosyncratic and too stereotypical to give *Boom Boom Room* the kind of stature for which it seems to be reaching. The characters are finally too special to tell me anything very startling about myself and my society, and what they tell me about themselves is too commonplace and too predictable to give them much dramatic validity. Oddly, in *Sticks and Bones,* Rabe begins with a situation-comedy family which, under the stress of the action, outgrows its generic limits; in *Boom Boom Room* he begins with characters, who have at least the individuality of mental and physical tics, but whose edges are knocked off by dramatic and psychological clichés.

The play is interestingly conceived because its actual dramatic line is in conflict with the one that might be presumed from the heroine's central emotional concern. *Boom Boom Room* is a quest play with the quester defeated at every turn. We hear much about Chrissy's urgent need to bring order into her chaos, but in scene after scene we witness her inevitable failure. At the end of the play, fallen to the sleazy topless bar she was early warned against, she sings about the world's need for love, with awkward and ludicrous gestures borrowed from a school recitation. The scene should have the force of, say, Emil Jannings' crowing at the end of *The Blue Angel,* but—for me, at least—there is more inevitability than pain in it.

The problem is Chrissy, as she is written and as she is played. What Rabe has done really is to take a dumb-blonde stereotype and put her at the center of a psychological drama in which we watch the effects of her childhood trauma even as she searches for the facts. He has, in effect, written a Susan Hayward part for Marie Wilson, and he has spared us nothing but the upbeat ending. For a few happy moments, I hoped that he was going to use the illiterate garrulousness of his heroine to attack the intellectual deceit and the false comfort of popular psychological jargon, but when, after three hours, we learn that her father did presumably molest her as a child, that she chooses a wretched lover because he is a surrogate father whom she can reward (her own impulse) and punish (her mother's) and that she is to receive from Al the beating her father promises her mother, it is parlor analysis time, and Chrissy is a goner. Madeline Kahn's performance does not help. She is occasionally touching, but too much of the time she plays Chrissy—all jagged voice and thrusting fingers—as though she had not decided whether to do a parody of Mari Gorman's Obie-winning caricature from *The Hot L Baltimore* or an impression of Jimmy Cagney in *Public Enemy*.

Although much of *Boom Boom Room* is overextended and overexplained, at his best Rabe has an oblique style which is attractive because it suggests more than it defines, because it opens the audience to possibility. In this play, that quality is most in evidence in the father's scenes, for he is the best-written character in Rabe's *Room,* and, as Charles Durning plays him, with a nice sense of detail, he provides the occasion for the best performance in the production.

Some good Rabe, and a touch of quality Papp, but I wish that *Boom Boom Room* could have been the major play that both Rabe and Papp plainly intend it to be.

GERALD WEALES

BIRON WALKER

THOUGH CHOICE MAY PINCH

If I had stood behind the door
when Chance was dealing gumption
and not claimed my rightful share,
I too would be falling for
the theory that the mocker
sings out of the peculiar
laws and constitution
of his species' blood.

But I say he sings
because he *would*,
would something:
other mockers warn away
from his private airspace;
say I can live with constant threat
of crawling snake and creeping cat;
say the night is cool
or the sun is bright;
say I love,
worms are good to eat,
to be winged is simply great
despite. . . .

Test-tube Audubons,
with hypotheses as deep as saucers,
I wash my hands of you,
of what you argue true
of his singing. I maintain
it is not because—given
the Egg, instinct—there's
nothing else he can do.

Though choice may pinch us sorely,
we come to choose or have
choice thrust upon us. Merely
to be informed is to be
profoundly ignorant.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TECHNOLOGY'S BRAVE NEW WORLD

EDWARD T. CHASE

The Coming of Post-Industrial Society

DANIEL BELL

Basic Books, $12.50

Economics and the Public Interest

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

Houghton-Mifflin, $10

Two of the more enduring books of recent years have been published recently and are beginning to exert their impact, as reviews of them now proliferate and commentary starts in the professional journals. Both come from Harvard professors, and both interpret the character of our advanced industrialized society as it undergoes revolutionary transformations caused by technological change.

That technology has become the basic source of our political conflicts and confusions in place of ideological or religious differences is a realization that did not become commonplace until the post-World War Two period. For example, the circumstances creating the prolonged debate over tax-subsidized medical care for the aged, "Medicare," were not ideological. The initiating causes were the skyrocketing costs of modern health care with its wonder drugs and expensive technologies, combined with the great proportionate increase in the numbers of the aged, an increase made possible by modern technology. Again, debates over dollar allocations for space exploration and for nuclear weaponry versus allocations for other competing demands upon the national treasure were among the scores of difficult issues precipitated in the first place by technological innovations. By the 1960s awareness of the technological origin of these public policy issues was becoming widespread. (It was inevitable that in the 1970s a quick-witted popularist, like Alvin Toffler, would summarize highlights of these developments in a best-seller, and *Future Shock*, for all its gimmickry, was perhaps the book that did this best.

During the early 1960s it was my professional role to conceive and organize symposia of specialists and intellectuals confronting the issues triggered by technological change. It was at one of these symposia in 1962 that Daniel Bell first presented the concept that has come to full flower now in *The Coming of Post-Industrial Society*. It is instructive to review the early formulation and the commentary it elicited at the time, and I'll return to this. Already there are signs that Bell's will be one of the least popularly-read but most commented-upon books of the times. It is an important book because it describes our world just around the corner with formidable statistical and logical power. Even as it exasperates many of Bell's more prolix peers and especially his younger leftish critics, his book nonetheless is implanting the ideas, the premises, that could, over time, influence our legislators, our pundits and our teachers. Ideas have consequences; they affect action and modify behavior. So when the ideas that are absorbed in a society are basic and general, like Bell's, then they affect not just disparate individuals, but in time, millions. That is the kind of importance Bell's book will have, much as did his earlier *The End of Ideology* and such a work as John Kenneth Galbraith's *The Affluent Society*.

Bell, a vastly erudite man, deeply versed in Marxian literature (he is one of the more spectacular stars of that brilliant group of 1930s-oriented New York Jewish intellectuals) has interpreted the statistical and sociological data of our times as disclosing these developments in the United States. He points to the ascendancy of a new elite—scientists, professionals and technocrats, the leaders in our emerging "knowledge" society—with the university as the primary institution of the times. The key technological aspect of this development is the codification of theoretical knowledge, thanks principally to the computer. This codified knowledge determines policy, which in turn shapes the changes in our society.

Concurrently—as a matter of fact, the tippling-point year was 1956—ours has become more of a service-producing economy than a goods-producing one (with more white than blue collar workers). And with the divorce between ownership and the managing control of corporations has come the rise of the professional bureaucrats, a new class, expert in technique in the broadest (Jacques Ellul's) sense, capable of rationalizing enterprise with systems of unprecedented sophistication. Concomitantly, in this more complex world of immense firms, the so-called free market has been increasingly modified or circumscribed by governmental controls and intervention.

Accompanying this arrival of the post-industrial society, which Bell sees as crystallizing some 30 to 40 years in the future, is a problem implicit in a social order wherein knowledge is crucial: namely the problem of meritocracy—"the allocation of position in the knowledge society," as Bell puts it. The controllers of technology will control the future. Conflict arises out of this situation from our society's pressures for equality. Our populist strain continues to be a vital force in America. And that egalitarian pressure threatens meritocratically-structured institutions. Bell has always

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been acutely sensitive to this matter. For instance, he and his closest collaborator, Irving Kristol, co-edited *Confrontation: The Student Rebellion and The University* in 1968 wherein they interpreted the student demand for participation in university matters as "simply a desire to disestablish and render illegitimate all existing authority."

Perhaps the most provocative theme in Bell's book and the most subtle and difficult to articulate is his notion of a disjunction between the cultural trend of our times and our social structure. The so-called adversary and counter culture celebrates values that are dominating in our emerging culture. And these values conflict directly with the "economizing mode," the values of industrial capitalism. This conflict is making for a schizoid society.

In the 1962 symposium, when he discussed the nub of his present theories for the first time, Bell stressed these cardinal points: the ascendancy of "technicians, mathematicians, physicists, economists will derive from the technological breakthrough of the computer, which suddenly makes it possible to handle questions involving a hundred variables which involve, say, six or seven or eight factor problems such as you get in business, the problems of the petroleum industry in the kind of application and the blend of octane at different prices at different amounts of volume. . . To this extent it is now possible to create models or simulations of problems we were never able to do before. Just as one could take water tanks or air tunnels and create models of boats, we are now able to create models for judgmental situations, rational decisions and, with problems of three to a hundred variables, come to a more exact answer regarding the future." Ah, technocracy, would that it could so efficiently solve our problems.

This scenario also means the undereducated, (most dramatically the case of high school dropouts, blacks notoriously), are automatic ineligibles in the post-industrial society, which Bell then envisions in consequence as a society of "rising resentments," as against the earlier cliché of "rising expectations," and one riven with racial antagonisms.

The hostility with which Bell's new book has been received (major reviews in *The New York Times, The New Republic,* and *The New York Review of Books,* to cite but three) reflects many factors which my space does not permit me to explore. Given so complex a book, many specific complaints have validity. One must question Christopher Lasch's objectivity, though, in *The New York Review of Books* for scolding Bell's book for its failure "to explain or even lead us to expect such events as Watergate or secret bombings of Cambodia." The real clue to Lasch's hostility lies in an earlier paragraph: *"The Coming of Post-Industrial Society* is a technocrat's reply to radical criticism, the reply of the academic establishment to demand for university reform, and a bid for attention and official patronage on the part of a would-be elite of social technicians, social forecasters and futurologists—all in the name of 'science.' "

Professor Galbraith's more straightforward, simpler and grander book is, as he announces, in direct line of descent from two earlier works, *The Affluent Society* and *The New Industrial State.* Galbraith is essentially a moral philosopher, a social critic, who argues from economic data. (This is what annoys his infinitely more parochial colleagues in the dismal science.) He is a vibrant, responsive man, indeed a busybody in the best sense of the word, incapable of refraining from taking a position on all he observes. His genius is that he is also serious. And, in fact, we may someday realize that he has been more pertinent and closer to the truth of matters than any other social critic of the age. He has high marks already.

What Galbraith has contended all along is that the corporate order, the "private" price-market system in which firms compete and/or collude singlemindly to make profits and/or solidify their economic power—that this order necessarily ignores the larger public interest. "I have argued," he writes in his new book, "that the quality of our life would suffer from a single-minded concentration on the production of salable goods as a social goal; that the environment would be a casualty; that we would suffer especially from the disparate development of the services of the private economy and those of the state; and that some exceedingly somber problems were inherent in the growth of the power of the great private and public bureaucracies and their exercise of that power, including that over weaponry and other technical development, in their own interest."

In his new book Galbraith develops his own variant definition of the "market" system and the "planning" system, the latter comprising the 1,000-odd giant firms run by "technostructure" of management professionals, the former comprising all the disparate smaller enterprises that help supply our services and goods and that really do compete, in the classic model. The planning system is dominating; with monopolistic powers it can control its destiny and, in aggregate, the country's. Neglected are the retarded economic areas such as health services, housing, transportation, the weak industries, utterly essential to the nation's well being yet woefully neglected and fragmented, underfinanced, underplanned, understaffed. These areas must be socialized, and also the defense industries, whose primary customer is the government.

So, essentially, Galbraith is pleading for a mixed economy roughly comparable to the semi-"socialist" states of Britain, Germany, France, Scandinavia, Holland. To reduce his 324-page book to so familiar a formula is to misdescribe it, though, because what distinguishes the work are its examples, its wit, its penetrating insights and above all the downrightness with which Galbraith the moralist clarifies the inequities and frauds and stupidities that needlessly reduce the quality of our life.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

With respect to making us aware of and identifying the decisive role of new technology in shaping our politics and our social structure, Bell's book and Galbraith's book share a basic view. Where they clash most directly is over the matter of achieving a better quality of life, of *social justice*. Bell's stress is upon the validity of the liberal concept of equality of *opportunity* as opposed to equality of *result*—the latter involving government intervention to compensate life's disadvantaged through redistributive policies. Galbraith's stress is quite the opposite. Uninterested in the subtly philosophical quandaries of meritocracy vs. equality, Galbraith's vision is a pragmatic one and he seems boldly optimistic in his belief that proper governmental action *can* improve matters. A pity one can't vote him into high office.

Loving Free

JACKIE & JEFF HERRIGAN

Grosset & Dunlap, $7.95

Sexual Intimacy

ANDREW GREELEY

Thomas More Press, $6.95

JOHN GARVEY

W. H. Auden once spoke of his objection to nudity on stage. It was not puritanism, he said, but a belief in privacy: You should take your clothes off only in front of someone you love.

But the equation of privacy with puritanism is more common than Auden's kind of sense. It is as if "private" were somehow the opposite of honesty more than the opposite of "public" or, more important, as if no one could possibly understand the reserve some people have about making public those things that matter very much to them. This reserve applies not only to sex, but even to the sort of affection we show to close friends and to our children, and it has less to do with hypocrisy than with the acknowledgment of something so basic to human affairs that it shouldn't need defending: the fact that some relationships really are more important than others. What our husbands or wives tell us is more important than what salesmen and politicians tell us, and privacy marks out part of the line we need to draw to keep sane.

But there is no sense of privacy at all in *Loving Free,* a book which was written in the most common language of all: talk-show standard. "Jackie and Jeff Herrigan" is the pseudonym of a couple who, according to a press release from Grosset & Dunlap, take us "inside their bedroom to discover how they developed true sexual and emotional liberation and a tender, open, and *enduring* relationship." No wonder it endures . . . who else would have them? It is hard to imagine the mutual acceptance of the sort of insensitivity which runs through all of Jackie's writing (and the whole thing does seem to have been written by Jackie, despite the presence of Jeff's name as co-author). Example—Jeff's reaction to a missed period: "Two or three days late and Jeff was calculating the obstetrics fee and hospital bill in his head." The book is filled with "Jeff says . . ." and with examples of his leaden wit: "As Jeff puts it so beautifully, 'Oh, Sarah baby, are you in trouble! The hourglass is running out!' " A regular Dr. Johnson. She acknowledges his superiority: "Jeff's fantasies are far more interesting than mine."

The Herrigans overcame all their Catholic hangups, see, and found that sex was fun. Look out world. "We tried rubbers and it was like giving a dying man water." Later on, after many more years of trial and error: "Everybody should have a vibrator." That's the thing: It's constant experiment, a search for new things. Why? "If you sat down at the breakfast table every morning for ten years and found a bowl of corn flakes and a glass of milk in front of you, how would you feel about breakfast? Bored, right?" A sensitive metaphor, right?

Jeff comes across as something of a dull rogue, a sexy Babbitt. "Jeff can pay bills and enjoy it. Why? Because he views money as a life-giving force." The book blathers on and on, offering advice on just about everything, none of it very good. "Sometimes horsing around can be a way to show love, too. A pinch on the fanny while riding on a crowded escalator invariably produces a shriek, and is a shared secret as we giggle and finish that ride, with everyone staring at the woman who cried out. It turns a routine shopping trip into a romp, with me trying to look decorous and cover my flanks at the same time." That Jeff is a caution.

All of this is what must come of seeing sex totally in terms of hangups and escapes therefrom. ("We're really being wild now, aren't we?" "Yes, dear.") There is a *Please Don't Eat the Daisies* levity about Jackie's prose, but it cloaks a terrible seriousness. The Herrigans say they are "working hard" with their children to assure that they will not be hung up, and I'm sure they are, *very* hard.

I can see now why revolutionaries tend to puritanism. *Loving Free* is critical *only* of puritanism; in every other area there is a sad acceptance of the status quo. Women are urged to be sexy not only because they might find it fun but because their husbands might take up with stewardesses; women are to be helpmates more than anything else . . . which would be all right, except that very little similar urging is done toward men. The phenomenon of suburban absentee husbandism is defended on the grounds that it leads to really worthwhile goals—like paying off the boat or next year's vacation. About all the Herrigans offer by way of alternative living is a rejection of puritanism, but even here there is a bit of bad faith: Body smells are bad, to be washed away or covered over, and they seem to spend a lot of time in the shower. There are too many contradictions to detail; it's enough to say that *Loving Free* is boring and very sad.

Sexual Intimacy is a mixed thing. At its worst it offers incredibly bad taste ("It is no exaggeration . . . to say that the wife clad in panties and martini pitcher is imitating Yahweh's behavior"), Helen Gurley Brown prose ("The sexy person says . . . I am a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

playmate . . . a challenge and an opportunity), or the flavor of True Romance (" . . swept along by the primal passion of their mutual hunger . . ."). Sometimes Greeley makes statements which are just wrong: "The young man whose passive wife closes her eyes when he is doing to her the things a man should be doing to a woman ought to be possessed by outraged fury. He ought to shake her until her eyes open wide and shout, 'Damn you! Look at me when I play with you.' Such a cry is as natural, as normal, and as inevitable as a cry of pain. . . ." Wives are told to do more or less the same thing, telling their timid husbands the hard facts with "withering scorn." More than the writing is embarrassing. There are more charitable, more subtle, and even more effective ways to face such problems. *Playboy* is sophisticated next to that, and even the Herrigans know more about patience and understanding.

But Greeley is often very good. Chapter one lays a foundation for the best of what follows, and although he handles them too glibly on occasion, Greeley's comparisons of erotic and divine love are often to the point, especially the relationship between divine and human vulnerability. He is at his best when generalizing, and *Sexual Intimacy* is not at all moralistic: "It remains hard for religionists, either conservative or radical, to understand that religion is not a moral code and that religious interpretation of human behavior has rather little to do with specific prohibitions or permissions. Small wonder that behaviorists have carried the day, for even if their interpretations are both implicit and shallow, they at least go beyond casuistry." Later he speaks of the dangers involved in the cult of "honesty": ". . . There must be grace and elegance to the process of self-disclosure. There is a naive kind of pop psychology . . . in which it seems necessary to learn all about the other as soon as possible on the grounds that once self-revelation is complete, the relationship can really begin. . . . It is part of the natural rhythm of friendship that there are times when we disclose to the other

Your gift can go a long way this Christmas.

On the back roads of Mississippi, Alabama and other parts of the deep South, there are still many thousands of families facing slow starvation. Right now. Right here in the U.S.A.

Their diets are so inadequate that hunger and malnutrition have become part of their lives. Many children of tenant farmers and seasonal workers have actually never known what it is like *not* to be hungry.

The NAACP Emergency Relief Fund is now in its fourth year of collecting money to buy Food Stamps for the neediest of these families. Under the federally sponsored Food Stamp Plan, $1 buys as much as $40 or more in Food Stamps. Thus your $10—an amount that buys "just another Christmas gift" for more fortunate kids—can mean $400 worth of urgently needed nourishment to help a family survive.

To contribute to this fund, please send as little or as much as you can to the NAACP Emergency Relief Fund. Contributions are tax-deductible.

Thank you. And may your Christmas dinner be a little more enjoyable th year.

NAACP Emergency Relief Fund
Dept. G9, Box 121, Radio City Sta.
New York, N.Y. 10019

A project of the NAACP Special Contribution Fund—tax deductible arm of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

more than is expected and other times when we offer less than is expected."

One interesting thing about both of these books: They base too much upon mutual need. Even delight is a way of proving oneself or satisfying another. Though there are a couple of exceptions in Greeley's book, neither Greeley nor the Herrigans have any rich appreciation of the irrational, Dionysian aspects of sexuality. The loss of self (a deeper thing than vulnerability) and the sense of cosmic participation which have been essential to the best writing about sex are lacking here. Most writing about sex is either so private and therefore generalized as to be no help at all, or so unprivate that it distorts everything by being removed from context. This may be why poems and stories, where they deal with sex, seem truer and more helpful than books which tell you everything you wanted to know. Eric Gill was concerned with the development of a Christian sense of the erotic, and believed that *Lady Chatterley's Lover* should be required reading in all seminaries. It's true enough: Lawrence, with all his complications, has more to offer in the way of pure insight than either of these books. He'd even be helpful.

The Black Prince

IRIS MURDOCH

Viking, $7.95

The Queen of a Distant Country

JOHN BRAINE

Coward, McCann, $6.95

JAN B. GORDON

An academic reviewer at work upon a novel whose anti-hero is himself a hack reviewer (until violence transforms him into a novelist) comes to feel that any art object is the fictional equivalent of that elusive "light at the end of the tunnel." Distance is no longer merely a framing device, as it was for the untrustworthy narrators of Henry James' short stories, but is the emblem for a failure of narrative community and continuity. To review Iris Murdoch's excellent novel is to confront the precarious nature of our collective fictions. As in so many political conspiracies, we know the plot, but we cannot identify the form that the fictions assume nor can we identify the roles of all the mediators. There is only the sniff of the nefarious that stops short of pronouncements of guilt or innocence. The novel itself is a hybrid, existing somewhere between hagiography and prison literature, depending upon whether we view Bradley Pearson as a martyr or a common criminal. Like the typical late-nineteenth-century mystery story, the novel is written backwards; we have an event for which we must construct a sequence of motives that lead us back to a question of origin.

The persona's persona of *The Black Prince*, Bradley Pearson has died while in jail, after being convicted of the murder of a popular young novelist, Arnold Baffin. Pearson, we discover, is by trade a reviewer who has made a tentative career for himself by first advancing and then progressively deserting his advocacy of the successful Baffin, whose novels resemble a cross between Victoria Holt and George Gissing. After agreeing to tutor Baffin's drop-out daughter, Pearson convinces himself that he is in love with the aging flower child and abducts her for a weekend of group study that becomes group-grope. Upon returning to Baffin's flat in order that he might explain to an irate father how a paunchy fifty-eight-year-old could have a clumsy affair with his daughter, our reviewer comes upon a murder scene. Arnold Baffin lies in a pool of blood, his wife standing over him with a poker. When the authorities arrive, they logically assume that the novelist has been killed not as any aftermath to a domestic argument, but rather by the envious reviewer who had kidnapped a daughter in order to participate vicariously in a life denied him. Because Bradley Pearson had attempted to take the murder weapon away from Rachel, his fingerprints, like everything else in his life, are very visible and constitute sufficient evidence for conviction.

The novel itself, *The Black Prince*, as written by Iris Murdoch, contains a smaller novel entitled *The Black Prince, A Celebration of Love*, which is Bradley Pearson's *apologia*. All that we know of the "events" of the novel, then, are filtered through a convicted criminal's eyes and tend toward the exculpatory. Since the "novel" within the novel is posthumous, there is some question as to the authenticity of the text. Is it Bradley Pearson's triumphant novel, forever doomed until he accomplished the leap into criminality? Is it merely, like so much of the fiction discussed in *The Black Prince*, another deception designed to make money? Or, do these questions really matter at all when, like Gide in *The Counterfeiters* or Barth in *The Sot-Weed Factor*, we are dealing with the question of history itself having been transposed into an endless fiction of development? Between Iris Murdoch's outer novel and Pearson's "celebration" there is present the ubiquitous reviewer or rather a surrogate mediator, a chap named P. Loxias (perhaps a descendant of the family of Scriblerus who also authored while disguising himself as an editor in the eighteenth century). Loxias is a double agent disguised as a literary agent who befriended the incarcerated Pearson and then became the vehicle through which his spiritual autobiograpy/confession/novel is made public. Is he a benefactor, an opportunist, a plagiarist, or one of Pearson's fictional characters—the ultimate reviewer? Was there a genuine crime involved or only a public relations act?

Clearly, Iris Murdoch is now exploring the relationship between criminality and fiction. If each of us lives in his own subjective "world," then to write at all is to write the literature of imprisonment. Hence any effort to make judgments, whether as a reviewer or as the jury that convicts Pearson, is only a futile attempt to exteriorize the subjective and hence to compound the crime. Since her splendid *Bruno's Dream*, Miss Murdoch has been explor-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing the contours of a world where, tormented by guilt, each of us does evil, perversely, as the sole mode of feeling real. To be *authentic* is to assume the criminality so that one might have a good reason for his guilt. As Genet understood so well, there is a relationship between the artist and criminal activity: both use an alias or a mask in order that they might alter the forms and norms of a civilization. And both imagine themselves as being constantly under surveillance; one by an audience, the other by the authorities. This uneasy bond between criminal activity and fictional activity casts a cloud over every "text"; it is as if Bradley Pearson, like that other failed novelist, Clifford Irving, has entered a pyschic kingdom where one is determined to write one's autobiography even as he attempts to write someone else's. Perhaps the ultimate fate of this genre is to make the novel indistinguishable from a court transcript; *The Black Prince* surrounds Bradley Pearson's novel with numerous appendices which are identical with depositions taken at his trial—one from an estranged wife, one from a psychiatrist, one from his editor, and one from his lover. There is a lot of evidence, but doubt about the nature of of the crime. Miss Murdoch has written a distinguished novel about our failure to make a community out of our private fictions.

John Braine's *Queen of a Distant Country*, his seventh novel, is also an experiment in autobiography, albeit by a successful novelist, Tom Metfield. Unable to see anything but emptiness in his life, the middle-aged Metfield returns to visit the tall, stately Miranda who had been a combination of tutor, confidante, and bar companion during his years as a fledgling novelist. Metfield has moved through all the permutations in human relationships: marriage, one-night stands, longer affairs with older women, and lonely bachelorhood. Enjoying a good income from a number of successful novels, he decides to return to his origins in the seaside town of Engelsea and to seek out the working-class equivalent of the French salon, a group of socialists and vulgar-Marxists who surround their hostess, Miranda, and speak of the social "relevance" of the new fiction. She had been the "queen" of his distant youth, administering his career with pragmatic advice. Although presumably an object of deep adoration, her counsel, like her very being, always seems remarkably distant. She had advised the young Metfield to avoid human entanglements by avoiding marriage, and had taken great care to insure that he got published in the most respectable journals without being tied to their politics. Even as Miranda sought the community of her salon, she had advised her protégé against it.

His novel about his growth as a novelist is, in reality, *The Queen of a Distant Country*. Except, of course, that the *bildungsroman* or developmental novel scarcely seems appropriate in the twentieth century since spiritual growth, too, is made to seem such a fiction. Although it shares the form of the vocational novel that traditionally deals with the process by which an artist "arrives" upon the scene, *The Queen of a Distant Country* is a novel about departure. Its very first sentence equates the beginning of a fiction with social discontinuity: "The point at which it all begins is when Deirdre walked—or rather ran—out of my house." People leaving—that has always been the predominant metaphor for the crowd of "look back in anger" novelists and playwrights that dominated the British literary scene in the fifties. Although Osborne, Sillitoe, and Wesker all seem a little dated now, Braine continues to speak to us with a certain urgency. Perhaps it is merely that the voice has mellowed, but there is less of the strident in his latest novel and more of a recognition that no matter how intense the anger against a decadent aristocracy or a dilapidated class system, the young rebels have softened in middle age. Metfield, like his uneducated parents, is primarily interested in creature comforts. In place of the sociological gap separating generations and their ambitions, the novelist discovers that his sexual involvements bear a striking resemblance to his father's reckless escapades. Rather than a revolution of the proletariat, Braine's *The Queen of a Distant Country* would lead us to believe that there is a certain sameness in the affairs of men. Upon returning to his childhood haunts, he

This Christmas, give the #1 Bible commentary.

THE JEROME BIBLICAL COMMENTARY
Edited by Raymond E. Brown, S.S., Joseph A. Fitzmeyer, S.J., Roland E. Murphy, O. Carm

Inspiring, understandable commentaries on every book of the Bible by chapter and verse. Eighty articles by Roman Catholic scholars interpret the whole Bible for the inquiring modern Christian. A National Catholic Book Award winner.
$29.95
At your bookseller or by mail:
PRENTICE-HALL
Englewood Cliffs, N.J. 07632

50th Anniversary Year Issue

1 to 9 copies, 40¢ each
10 or more, 30¢ each
Postpaid

Circulation Dept., Commonweal
232 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016

monastic studies
18 essays on the experience of God, in Monastic Studies /9.
$5
Mount Saviour Monastery
Box D/ Pine City. NY. 14871
monastic studies

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Commonweal this Christmas

WHY DOES a gift subscription of *Commonweal* make such a welcome present this Christmas—and for all 1974, its 50th Anniversary Year? The perceptive way it comments on political, religious and cultural matters week by week? Or the editorial quality that is indicated by the authors and critics who write regularly for the magazine? Undoubtedly.

But there is another way of suggesting why *Commonweal* makes such an appreciated Christmas gift. Consider these opinions:

Graham Greene

"I shall be only too happy to be on your committee for your golden anniversary year which for a paper of your kind of honesty and independence seems a miracle!"

Rev. John C. Bennett

"*Commonweal* is indispensable to the whole Christian community and beyond."

Former Senator Paul H. Douglas

"*Commonweal* is one of the best magazines in the country."

Rabbi Marc Tanenbaum

"*Commonweal* has meant so much enrichment and insight to my colleagues and myself over the years."

Sean O'Faolain

"Honored and long life to one of the most honorable periodicals in the language, anywhere."

At $14 such a gift is a real bargain, for it saves one-third of the single-copy price. And for additional subscriptions ordered at the same time the Christmas rate is only $11 per subscription.

CHRISTMAS ORDER FORM

Please send these friends a gift subscription at the special Christmas Rates: 1 Subscription, $14; each additional, $11 (Add $2 for postage outside U.S. and Canada)

Name

Street

City, State, Zip

New ☐ Renewal ☐

Name

Street

City, State, Zip

New ☐ Renewal ☐

MY NAME IS

Street

City, State, Zip 12/14/73

COMMONWEAL
232 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10016

discovers that poor Miranda has only replaced one form of activism with another. Her new salon has the characteristic habits and ideals of the new rather than the old left: they mutter or rather chant aphorisms; they talk of sexual freedom; and they "groove" on Hesse. And Metfield, like his mistress, must walk out. Athough not the accomplishment of Iris Murdoch's novel, Braine's latest novel talks directly to a civilization which must now cope with the apathy of a youth which has plugged itself into the system and finds its ideals either co-opted or commercialized.

These two novels together with the latest of Doris Lessing and Muriel Spark would suggest that the British novel is undergoing a revival that merits our attention. Although the precise direction may be unclear, all of these recent novels speak of a relationship between personal and formal freedom. Because the threat of imprisonment is so near, they deal with interior and hence the more mysterious secrets. Theirs is the domain of domesticated spaces that lack community and hold out little hope for its restoration. Hence the question of plot—formal development—is clouded. The characters never change, but rather develop new myths to explain their stasis. Both Bradley Pearson and Tom Metfield have preceded their American counterpart, Norman Mailer, in writing an anti-autobiography where the hero as well as the novelist is on trial.

SDS

KIRKPATRICK SALE

Random House, $15

STU COHEN

In 1956 Allen Ginsberg could describe ". . . the best minds of [his] generation destroyed by madness, starving hysterical naked, dragging themselves through the negro streets at dawn looking for an angry fix. . . ." Statements of ideology rarely achieve such poetic insight but the opening phrases of the Port Huron Statement

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

come close in their description of Ginsberg's younger comrades of the 1960's: "We are the people of this generation, bred in at least moderate comfort, housed in universities, looking uncomfortably to the world we inherit." As later studies by educators and social psychologists were to demonstrate, these were indeed "the best minds of [their] generation."

It is the story of that generation (mine) and of the period in which they came to political awareness and political activism, that Kirkpatrick Sale has attempted to tell. His medium is a history of the most powerful student-based organization in American history, the Students for a Democratic Society (SDS).

This is history, well written and well documented. Sale, an admitted non-participant in the events he describes, has done extensive research and interviewed many of those who were involved. The depth of Sale's knowledge, the obvious interest of his subject matter, and the clarity and strength of his prose carry the reader through this massive (over 700 pages) book. Reviewers are notorious for the speed with which they read (or more often, skim) books. However, *SDS provided me with three days of intensive* and intensely enjoyable reading.

He carefully investigates the complex ins and outs of the political development of SDS and its members and explains the growing infiltration of SDS by members of the (Maoist) Progressive Labor Party in terms that even those (mercifully) unfamiliar with fratricidal radical politics can follow. An important appendix traces the history of SDS's precursor, the ISS (Intercollegiate Socialist Society) founded in 1905 and involving people like Clarence Darrow, Upton Sinclair, and Jack London.

Where Sale's book can be faulted, and it is almost unfair to do so, is in its lack of feeling for certain features of ambience. In the middle period of SDS's existence (before the Weatherpeople) there was a kind of frantic, ebullient, rampant naiveté. No one talks about that these days; subsequent events have escalated the seriousness of the discussion. And to excuse Sale, he was not a participant. There was a period of time, for example, when everybody in New York SDS was reading *The Modern Prince* and describing himself as a "Marxist-Gramscist." Then, for about two weeks, Lenin's *Left-Wing Communism, An Infantile Disorder* was the dominant reading, and every political enemy, of no matter what stripe, was a "running dog of the imperialists." There was a joyousness in this, coupled with a growing political sophistication that was marvelous and inspiring to behold and participate in. It is a shame that subsequent events have buried that joy under a mountain of anger and frustration.

If a serious socialist movement is ever built in America it will owe much to the trials and triumphs of SDS. Kirkpatrick Sale's book will be read for many years to come as the definitive work about the Students for a Democratic Society.

Give

commonweal

for Christmas

1-year Subscription: $14

2-year Subscription: $25

Return coupon from opposite page

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

REVIEWERS

EDWARD T. CHASE is vice-president and executive editor of G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers.

JOHN GARVEY is an editor with Templegate and edits a bi-weekly education newsletter, *University Today*.

JAN B. GORDON teaches in the English Department at the State University of New York at Buffalo.

STU COHEN is with the Center for Criminal Justice at Boston University.

Integrated Housing as an Investment

GOAL: To make quality housing available to ALL people!

Join us in a tax-sheltered limited partnership. Send NOW for free prospectus!!

James Farmer and Morris Milgram
PARTNERS IN HOUSING—Dept CW
8702 Crispin St., Phila., PA 19136

Name .....

Address .....

State ..... Zip .....

This is not an offer to sell these securities. The offering is made only by the Prospectus.

Classified

RATES: 50c a word, one time; 48c, three times; 45c, seven times; 42c, thirteen times. Twelve words minimum. For box numbers add 50c per insertion. Classified payable with order; monthly in advance for more than three times. COMMONWEAL, 232 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016.

Printing

PRINT YOUR BOOK from typed manuscript, camera-ready. Economical. BIOGRAPHY PRESS, Rt. 1, Box 745, Aransas Pass, Texas 78336.

Alaska

ESKIMO HANDCRAFTS: Baskets, Ivory Carvings, Masks, Tools. TOKSOOK BAY ARTS & CRAFTS COOPERATIVE, Toksook Bay, Alaska 99637.

Vacations

TIRED of high vacation costs? Live rent free where you choose. Write VIKING HOME EXCHANGE, Box 3007, St. Paul, Minn. 55165.

Dreams

DREAMS AND INNER SPACES. Fascinating, practical monthly on dreams, creativity, meditation, mystical states. Free copy. Box 1116P, COMMONWEAL.

Job

WRITER/REPORTER, with editing skills, for associate editor position on reform-oriented, independent national Catholic newspaper. Strong journalism background and awareness of religious issues required. Send samples of writing, resume and salary requirements to: Managing Editor, National Catholic Reporter, Box 281, Kansas City, Mo. 64141.

PEACE CORPS & VISTA NEED YOU! Volunteer your skills & experience in developing nations overseas and U.S. Join the universal struggle for human dignity—through education, skilled trades, agriculture, engineering, business, urban planning, medicine & other fields of community development. One or two years. Expenses paid—medical, travel, vacation, living. Information: Bruce Mazzie, ACTION, OCP Box P-5, Washington, D.C. 20525.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Abortion on demand...

Offers the judgment of life to man, but it takes away that measure of the noble sense of values that he should have regarding the absolute dignity and the absolute equality of every human life throughout this world.

Let secular man to his god called civilization uphold once more his place at the summit in the order of things.

NON-SECTARIAN COMMITTEE FOR LIFE, INC.
511 Union Avenue, Mount Vernon, N.Y. 10550

Contributions are tax-deductible.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED